

THE WHITE HOUSE AND ITS ENVIRONS



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One cannot say about this house: "I know nothing about it." It is in the very center of every aggressive scheme, every plot against the peace. It is the White House. At least it has been called that by former "proprietors." Now this name is confusing to Americans themselves. "If this is the White House," they say, "then why is it brown; and if it is brown, then why does it look yellow?" [Note: In Russian, the expression, "yellow house" (zheltyy dom), refers to an institution for the insane.]

The present "proprietor" is not only repainting the house. To the four columns he has added a fifth. On that one (see the cartoon) rests the foreign policy of the White House. In the adornment of this column you can see the political figures, Adenauer, Spaak, and de Gasperi. Here also is Guderian, the German Fascist general who has come to share his bitter experiences with local strategists. In the White House he feels at home.

On the "flagstaff" of the house (again, see the cartoon) flutters the flag of the UN. Raising the flag is the personal secretary of Mr Acheson and the two-faced secretary of the UN -- "peace-loving" Mr Trygve Lie. From the bloodstained flag it is evident that General MacArthur has "lent his hand" to Mr Lie's "peaceful activity."

Not far from the "flagstaff," and called "Uncle Thomas' Cabin," is the Committee on Un-American Activities. Succeeding the thieving Republican, Thomas, the bribe-taking Democrat Wood is successfully applying the experience of Himmeler here.

In the kitchen of the White House, there is much bustling about. The chef, Marshall, and his aides, Eisenhower and Bradley, are ardently glorifying the "cold war" and cold-bloodedly preparing a "hot" one.

In the servants' quarters, awaiting their masters' orders, are Syngman Rhee and Schuman.

In one corner of the attic Chiang Kai-shek and T. F. Tsiang are taking shelter. Anticipating his future, "Emperor" Bao Dai huddles with them.

In the practice room, Acheson is directing a rehearsal for future voting in the General Assembly. He is satisfied. Actually there are no votes here, but the yes-men are beyond compare.

Loitering in his apartment is Winston Churchill, a "friend of the family," with his traditional cigar smouldering like a torch of war. Conservative Churchill's shadow falls on the "Socialist" Bevin.

But who is this? Is it really Franco? Yes, he has been drawn here by the view from the White House windows which open out on a third world war.

The Roman Pope also has hurried to bow before Uncle Sam. Frankly, he is afraid he will lose his tiara and be replaced by the American Cardinal Coca-Cola salesman Spellman.

Careful, now. Outside the door is that wicked dog, the cur Broz [Tito].

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And so we leave the White House. We have not seen everybody there, we have not interviewed all the inhabitants. Besides the warmongers who work at home, there are itinerant warmongers who travel about. Some are raging in Korea, some are mining bridges on the Rhine, some are.... So they cannot be interviewed. But it is not our fault that all of them are not at home.

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